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Love Unexpressed.

BY CONSTANCE FETTER WOODSON.
The sweetest notes among the human heart-strings
Are dull with rust;
The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are choked with dust;
We pipe and pipe again our dreamy music
Upon the selfsame strain,
While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,
Come back in sad refrain.

Through the world we go, an army marching,
With listening ears,
Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music,
He never hears;
Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,
A word of love, to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard, bitter days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share,
Why should they pause to give that love expression
In words or sign?
Why should they pause? But still our hearts are
Aching,
With all the gnawing pain
Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And long and long in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,
With faintest voice,
Among the unexpressed strings of love's expression,
The notes are lost;
We shrink within ourselves voiceless sorrow,
Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side with those we love the dearest,
In silence we stand.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence
Its fair love's story tells,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music,
Beyond the distant hills,
The soft expression of the love in heaven
From love on earth below,
Is here we love those we love to tell it,
And there we all shall know.

—Appleton's Journal.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

"Tell me your wife," said Aaron Little, speaking aloud, yet to himself, in a half-troubled way. "Tell me your wife, indeed! Much good that will do! What does she know about business, and money matters, and the tricks of trade? No, no; there's no sense in that."

And Aaron Little, at musing with a perplexed countenance. He held a newspaper in his hand, and his eyes had just been lingering over a paragraph in which the writer suggested to business men the propriety of consulting their wives.

"Talk to them freely about your affairs," it said. "Let them understand exactly your condition. Tell them of your difficulties, of your embarrassments, and your plans of extricating yourselves from the entanglements in which you are involved. My word for it, you will get help in nine cases out of ten. Women have quick perceptions. They reach conclusions by a power way than reasoning, and get at the solution of a difficult question long before your slow moving thoughts bring you near enough for accurate observation. Tell your wives, then, men in trouble, about your business. Keep nothing back. The better they understand the matter, the clearer will be their perceptions."

"All a very fine theory," said Aaron Little, tossing the newspaper back in his chair. "But it won't do in my case. Tell Betsy! Yes, I'd like to see myself doing it! A man must be hard pushed, indeed, when he goes home to consult his wife on business affairs."

And so Aaron Little dismissed the subject. He was in considerable doubt and perplexity of mind. Things had not gone well with him for a year past. Dull business and bad debts had left his affairs in an unpromising condition. He could not see his way clear for the future. Taking trade as it had been for the past six months, he could not imagine how, with the resources at his command, his maturing payments were to be made.

"I must get more capital," he said to himself. "That is plain. And with more capital must come a partner. I don't like partnerships. It is so difficult to work together harmoniously. Then you may get entangled with a rogue. Just as it is with business. But I see no other way out of this trouble. My own capital is too light for the business I am doing; and as a measure of safety must be brought in. Lawrence is anxious to join me, and he says he can command ten thousand pounds. I don't like him in all respects, he's a little too fond of pleasure. But I want his money more than his aid in the business. He might remain a silent partner if he chose. I'll call on him to-morrow night, and have a little talk on the subject. If he can bring in ten thousand pounds, I think that will settle the matter."

With this conclusion in his mind, Aaron Little returned to his office after closing his warehouse for the day. Tea being over, he made preparations for going out, with the intention of calling on Mr. Lawrence.

As he reached his hand for his great coat, a voice seemed to say to him: "Tell your wife. Talk to her about it."

But he rejected the thought instantly, and commenced drawing on his coat.

"Where are you going, Aaron?" asked Mrs. Little, coming forth from the dining-room.

"Out for a little while," he replied. "I'll be back in half an hour or so."

"Out where?"

"Tell her, Aaron. Tell her about it," said the voice, speaking in his mind. "Nonsense," she don't understand anything about business. She can't help me," he answered firmly.

"Tell your wife," the words seemed almost as if uttered aloud in his ears. "What are you going to see him about?"

"It might have done a good deal of good. When a man's business is dull, his wife should look to the household expenses; but if she knows nothing about it, she may go on in a way that is really extravagant under the circumstances. I think that men ought always to tell their wives when anything is going wrong."

"You do?"

"Certainly I do. What better reason can you want than the one I have given? If she knows that the income is reduced, as a prudent wife she will endeavor to reduce the expenses. Hadn't you better take off your coat and sit down and talk with me a little before you go to see Mr. Lawrence?"

Mr. Little permitted his wife to draw off his overcoat, which she took into the passage and replaced on the hat-rack. Then returning into the parlor, she said:

"Now, Aaron, talk to me as freely as you choose. Don't keep anything back. Whatever the trouble is, let me know it to the full extent."

"Oh, there's no great trouble yet. I am only afraid of trouble. I see it coming, and wish to keep out of its way, Betsy."

"That's wise and prudent," said his wife. "Now tell me why you are going to see Mr. Lawrence."

Mr. Little's eyes fell on the floor, and he sat for some moments in silence. Then looking up, he said:

"The truth is, Betsy, I must have more capital in my business. There will be no getting along without it. Now Mr. Lawrence can command, or at least he says he can command, ten thousand pounds. I think he would like to join me. He has said as much two or three times."

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Farm and Garden.

THE ARTIFICIAL PROTECTION OF FRUIT AND CROPS.

From the New York Herald.
As the present stormy spring advances the annual fears for the fruit crop increase. The horticultural interests of some sections are the vital interests, and it has become important to all classes, the producing and consuming alike, to save the luscious fruit crop from the desolating breath of March frosts. Among the late and valuable results of meteorologic inquiry is a very simple method of ascertaining on any particular night whether frost will occur. This is done by first ascertaining the dew point or temperature at which, at the given time and place, the atmosphere will part with its vapor, and this vapor be deposited as water. A simple little instrument of recent invention, known as Edison's hygrodeik, indicates to any observer at a glance, and without any calculation, the dew point. Where it is exposed—and if the latter be considerably above the freezing point of fresh water, no danger need be apprehended; whereas, if the dew point indicated by the hygrodeik is under thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, frost may be predicted with certainty, and means must be taken to shield the tender plant from its nipping effects. Unless the wind veers during the night from point of cold to one of warmth, or vice versa, the hygrodeik's indications are very reliable; and in this country, where the daily weather reports and predictions of the Signal Service, the horticulturist or farmer may almost invariably learn whether the wind will veer.

Taken in connection with this scientific expedient for predicting frost, an American meteorologist proposes another expedient for the complete artificial protection of fruit and vegetables, after it becomes known that the frost will occur. This is, to surround the plants with a covering of straw, or other material, which will serve to protect them from the frost. The covering should be made of straw, or other material, which will serve to protect them from the frost. The covering should be made of straw, or other material, which will serve to protect them from the frost.

EDISON'S HYGRODEIK. Of Buffalo, N. Y., has written the Lord's Supper, three times repeated, within the circumference of a three-cent piece.

It is a fact that America has not yet succeeded in producing a raisin grape, though there is something very like it in California.

TRENTON, N. J., has a startling instance in the shape of a circular saw some twenty-four feet in circumference—the largest in the world.

THE Atlanta Plantation suggests that the drying of figs should become an item of agricultural interest in Georgia, where the fruit grows to perfection.

ANGEL, the Mexican General, has been captured. He doesn't want to stand with his celestial namesakes just at present, but is afraid he will have to.

A PHOTOGRAPHER in Los Angeles, Cal., was astonished the other day by some parties bringing a corpse wrapped in a sheet to his office, to be photographed.

EDWIN FORREST has canceled some of his Western engagements, his time being so much occupied in the study of "Rheumatism," to a small but appreciative audience.

THIS is the era of tunnels as well as of investigations. The latest project is to connect East Boston with the city proper by means of a bore under the harbor. Its estimated cost is \$3,000,000.

When a man in San Francisco wants to take a little run to pass away time, he embarks on a sailing vessel for Livermore. He can get there and back in nine months, if he has good luck.

A MICHIGAN paper reports that an inventive genius in that State has devised an eight-legged steam walking machine that can hitch on and walk off with any amount of tonnage that wheels will roll.

Mrs. ANN THOMPSON, a poor war widow of West Union, Iowa, the other day ordered the pension for herself and son—\$10 per month—stopped, as her son, a lad of 14 years, was now able to support them.

TREES have been found in Australia taller than those of California, though not so large. One has been measured 480 feet high. The wood closely resembles red cedar, and the bark is sometimes 18 inches thick.

TWENTY-FIVE cent diamonds are becoming so plenty among railroad brakemen that they are compelled to wash their pockets for their shirt-bosoms after dark, to avoid giving latent signals when moving about at stopping places.

A PHILADELPHIA girl married an old man in that city, 40 years ago, expecting to be left a rich widow in a short time. But somehow the old man seemed to thrive on it, and now she has died at the age of 96, leaving him hale and hearty at 100.

A NUMBER of planters throughout Iberia Parish, La., are setting out willow posts, as they find that, in almost every case, they grow into trees, answering a double purpose—making the most durable posts, and at the same time giving shade and furnishing fuel.

The widow of the late Gen. Henry W. Halleck, who lately removed from Louisville to Fairbairn, Minn., is reported to be worth \$1,500,000. She is educating her son at a Fairbairn institution, and it is reported that she will endow the school with \$100,000.

A RICHMOND belle has an original method of attracting attention to herself. She imports her horse from Paris at an expense of \$42 a pair, and, of course, when she goes a walking, crowds flock to see her stockings. Her plan is not commended for general imitation.

A QUEER trick took place at Smith's Falls, Ont., lately. A crippled boy drove a Newfoundland dog harnessed to a seventy-pound sleigh against a local trotter, slanging start, and Bruno allowed two rods at the outcome. The dog won three straight heats. The distance was forty rods.

BEN. BUTLER is Miss Sadie Wilkinson's counsel in her breach of promise case against Mark M. Pomeroy. It is a question whether he espoused the cause of the heart-broken maiden on account of the offer of "getting even" for the names that "Brick" used to give him.

FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Changeling—A Story Told to Gracie.

One day in summer's glow,
Not many years ago,
A little baby lay upon my knee,
With rings of silken hair,
And fingers waxen fair,
Tiny and soft, and pink as pink could be.

We watched it thrive and grow—
Abundant and so—
And marked its daily gain of sweeter charms:
It learned to laugh and crow,
And play, and kiss us too—
Until one day we missed it from our arms.

In sudden, strange surprise,
We met each other's eyes,
Asking, "Who stole our pretty babe away?"
We questioned earth and air,
But, smiling every where,
We never found it from that summer day.

Put in its wonted place
A little girl, with yellow curls fair,
About her shoulders tossed—
And the sweet babe we lost
Seemed sometimes looking from her eyes so fair.

She dances, romps and sings,
And does a hundred things,
Which my lost babe never tried to do:
She sings to read in books,
And we both bring her books,
Is always asking questions strange and new.

And I can scarcely tell,
I love the rogue so well,
Who stole my babe from me,
But, smiling every where,
I have seen him many a time,
In his little maiden form.

He rules the world, they say:
He took my babe away—
My present baby, in its place
This little maiden fair,
With yellow curls fair,
Who lives on earth, and whose name is Gracie!

—Elizabeth Akers Allen in Young Folks.

Only a Cup of Coffee.
Fields and fields sparkled like snow
In the sun. Away in the distance rose
The mountains, bare and brown, their
tops lost in the clouds. Close by the
railroad track stood the rough station
buildings and two or three adobe huts
where refreshments were offered to
travelers. The express had thundered
past an hour before, and now the third
class came leisurely up and stopped.

Out stepped the passengers, intent upon
spending their last penny, and women
and children, had brought their provisions
with them, and made their tea
and coffee as they wanted it on the
stove in the car. But most of the company
were men, and did not know much
about helping themselves. One honorable
lad, Harry Minturn, sat in his seat at
the other end of the car until all
around him had gone out, then taking
up his purse, he carefully counted its
scanty contents.

It was hard to get enough to buy the
ticket for the East, and his margin was
small when that was done.

"Bread and butter this morning," he
said, whistling, as he joined the throng
outside. A few steps off he saw a
modest little shanty, which seemed to
have nobody near it.

"That's the place for my money,"
thought Harry. Entering, a delightful
odor of coffee greeted him. How good
it was! He took the penny, and advanced
him, and his hand in his pocket felt
the few "bits" longingly. Alas! he
knew just how far they would go, and
how many meals they would buy, and
Harry had learned that it is safe never
to spend your last penny, and honor-
able to scrimp and save, and even ap-
pear mean, so that you do not go in
debt. The jolly young fellows who told
stories and sang songs in the cars would
have lent him money, but he knew whether
or not he could get it, and Harry would
as soon have begged as borrowed.

An old woman was sitting knitting
by the stove. She gave the lad a chair,
and asked what he would have.

"Two slices of bread and butter,
ma'am, if you please."

"Nothing else?"

"That's all," said Harry. The great
mound of corned beef and the cold
round were not for him.

"Looks hungry, poor boy!" said the
woman, looking at "Somewhere near
the look of my Jim."

She cut two generous slices from her
large, firm loaf, and put plenty of butter
on them. Over her glasses now and
then she watched the appetite with
which he ate.

"Rather dry, now, isn't it?"

"Oh! no!" said Harry. "I never
tasted anything better."

"Won't you take a cup of coffee with
it?"

"Madam," said Harry, "I've three
thousand miles to go, and just enough
money to take me there. Home is at
the other end. I've enough for bread
this morning, but not enough for coffee.
I'll thank you for some water."

"Boy!" replied the widow, "I have a
lad off at sea, somewhere near your age,
and some day on his way to me, he
may have to go on short rations. Now,
you'll be my Jim to-morrow, and
have you could have seen the big
tea and white